12.

An ANSWER *to a Letter to Dr.* Burnet, *occasioned by his Letter to Mr.* Lowth.

SIR,

I Thought you had some remnants of Shame and Sence left with you, and that a Correction you met with some Years ago, had brought you a little into order; but, as was then observed, *Nature is Nature still, and will return and have the better*, where neither Religion, Vertue, nor good Manners, have force enough to restrain a petulant and insolent Temper.

You intend to support a Forgery, of which I have reason to suppose

you the Parent, as well as you are now the Nurſe to it, and therefore you are tender of your own *Brat*, but with what ſucceſs I can even make you your ſelf the Judg; and if you knew the opinion that I have of your ſincerity, you would believe this was a great evidence of my being very well aſſured that I am in the right. But ſome Men have got a trick of facing all things down with Noiſe and Impudence, and imagine that bluſtering and foul Language will carry all before it.

In ſhort, for no Man can take pleaſure to rake a Kennel long, you diſcharge a Whole Sheet full of Slime and Choler at me, for aſſerting that I had omitted no part of that Manuſcript of *Cranmer*'s; and that I had particularly printed that for the

the omission of which Mr. *Lowth* has accused me, whereas you tell me that I have only printed the Subscription of *T. Cantuarien*, to an Assertion concerning Extream Unction, and that I have not added it to the Assertions concerning *Church Power*. Now how any Man that had his sense about him, and thought that I would call him to an account of it, could venture on so gross a piece of falshood and folly both, I cannot easily imagine; so that really I am inclined to think, the last New Moon, or the New Wine, have their shares in it.

In the beginning of those Papers, *Pag.* 201. *line* 6. where I set down their Title, I tell, *That as they are taken from the Originals, under the Hands of those Bishops and Divines,*

so I add, *That in copying them, I judged it might be more acceptable to the Reader to see every Man's Answer set down after every Question, and therefore they are published in that Method.* Thus instead of setting every Paper entirely by it self, I set every Man's Answer under every Question; to which I was advised, as being the easier method to give a view of their Thoughts of every particular altogether. And *Pag.* 242. when I come to the last Question, I set this down on the *Margent*, over against *Cranmer's* Subscription; *These are the Subscriptions which are at the end of every Man's Paper.* After all this, no man but *you*, could have been so forsaken of common Sense and Honesty, as to pretend that the Subscription to which I refer, was only to the last Article concerning Extream Unction, and not

to

to the whole Paper; and by this ſame art of Reaſoning, you may pretend that your Subſcription belongs only to the laſt line of your Letter.

I do aſſure you I do not admire your Underſtanding ſo much, as I perceive you do your ſelf; yet I did not think it was ſo ſunk, for this is ſuch childiſh and groſs Ignorance, that your Friends had beſt enter a *Caveat*, leſt you be beg'd for it. But I am afraid your *Morals* are more in fault here than your *Intellectuals*. You thought ſomewhat muſt be ſaid for ſupporting your Friend, and ſo took hold of any thing could furniſh out a *Letter*.

And now for the Flouriſh and Garniture of your Letter, it is ſo like the Author, that none who have given themſelves the trouble to read any of his Books, can miſs him. The Character is indelible, and ſticks as cloſe as if he

 were

were ſtigmatized with it. I will let it all go, for I am not practiſed to ſearch among Excrements, only one remarkable Line in it deſerves ſome Obſervation. You ſprinkle a little Civility, *p.* 2. *l.* 13. and call my Hiſtory, *the only good thing I ever wrote, that could recommend me to the kind Opinion of Honeſt Men, that know the difference between Engliſh and Scotch.* This lewd Reflection on a whole Nation, as it ſhews the clownishneſs of your Temper, for all your pretence to Courtlineſs, ſo it ſhews your contempt of the King and the whole Royal Family, and of that bleſſed *Martyr* himſelf, that was born in that Kingdom, notwithſtanding all your Affectations, and writing of Addreſſes in the Name of the *Primitive Church.*

But thus it is, That becauſe in the laſt diſpoſal of Biſhopricks, the Secretary

tary to the Primitive Church was forgotten, he who but a Year ago ſet his *Majeſty* above Chriſt himſelf, and taxed the Expreſſion of praying for the King as *Supream under Chriſt*, as *crude*, not to call it *profane*, is now ſo diſguſted, that he ſays, *Honeſt Men* (and to be ſure he ranks himſelf in that number, tho he is ſingular in that too) *know the difference between Engliſh and Scotch*. And thus while you fall on me, you ſecretly diſcover what lies at your Heart ever ſince the laſt Diſappointment. But now that you have ſo wiſely taken a whole Nation to task, it ſeems you intend to have all the Characters of the Rehearſal Tranſproſed to you; and that you are not contented with being *Bays*, but you will be *Draw-can-ſir* too. I wiſh you a better mind, and am,

Yours, &c.

I have now justified my sincerity in my History; and that being established, I will think my self little concerned in all the *Billingsgate* Language that you or any else can throw out upon me. I would not have said so much, if there were not some Occasions in which it is necessary to *answer a Fool according to his Folly*, as well as there are others in which it is as necessary *not to answer him according to his Folly*: And as I have brought my self, not without some uneasiness, to treat you as you deserve, so it will be much easier for me, to despise all you can say, and to be silent hereafter.

FINIS.

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